



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 9. No. 12. 1st February, 1937.



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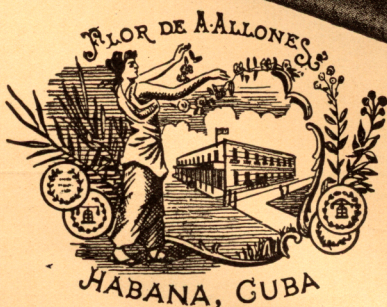
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TATTERSALLS CLUB
SYDNEY

Established 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club,
157 Elizabeth St., Sydney*

Vol. 9.

FEBRUARY, 1.

No. 12.

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Secretary:

T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 8th May, 1937.

The Club Man's Diary

At the beginning of his racing experience as an owner, Mr. W. J. Smith purchased his horses. Now he has decided to try the other side of the business, and become a breeder. Mr. Smith, with Mr. F. Crutten-den, enjoyed quite a good measure of success a few seasons ago, when they raced in partnership as "Mr. Smithden." Probably Kuvera was their best performer. Last month Mr. Smith paid to 3,300 guineas for the imported stallion Beau Pere at the dispersal sale of Mr. John Donald's blood stock in New Zealand. Beau Pere is a handsome Son-in-Law horse, and not only was he purchased, but Mr. Smith selected mares and fillies to add to his stud at Scone. Mr. Smith should build up a very fine breeding establishment and it is to his satisfaction that some astute judges in Mr. E. J. Watt and the Adelaide veteran trainer C. Wheeler, paid 1,000 guineas and upwards for colts by the imported horse. He is hardly untried as a stallion, for he is represented by winners in England.

* * *

Ned Moss was a self-made man. Probably that fact proved the greatest influence in a life of large-scale accomplishment. It kept him steady in success, unspoiled, and in deep sympathy with the under dog.

He knew life, because in the beginning he had experienced its harsh realities; he knew men as part of life, carrying handicaps that circumstance had stacked on them and made the going heavy. Therefore, Ned Moss was able to understand and to extend to honest battlers a charity of heart and of practical aid that probably won for him finer recognition than all his memorable turf exploits and spectacular successes.

People paid him the tribute of having been "a great sportsman," meaning actually "a true sportsman." They plumed their hearts for their final tributes.

Ned Moss, in his turf achievements, had not only shrewdness; he had judgment of an extraordinary order; and this was not discounted by the fortunes he missed. He was an innate philosopher. A coup that missed left no trace of despair.

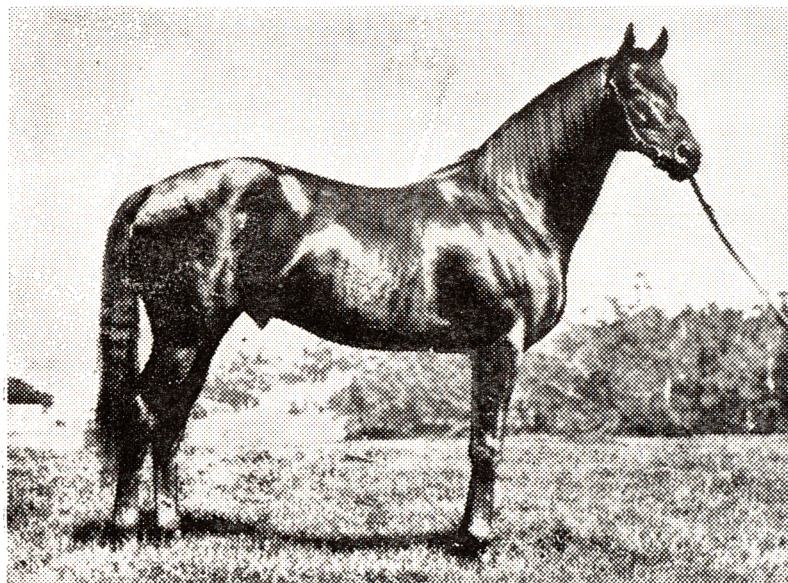
Defeat never became a debacle. He was always eager and ready for the next time. Fortune he accepted as fickle, which was why he wore so well at 60 years.

* * *

This magazine some years ago described Jerome Dowling as "one of the interesting characters in the

after scooping in the lion's share of the programme, Mr. Dowling won less than £100 on the day.

That experience convinced Mr. Dowling and his lifelong companion, Mr. Murtough, that there was nothing in meetings of that sort. Mr. Murtough selected a site for a racecourse of his own on the Botany Road, put in Dowling with a



Beau Pere (imp.), by Son-in-Law.

fabric of our turf affairs, a man who has built three racing tracks and has had a lifetime's experience of ownership, the betting, and every other side of the sport." As we approached him in life, we honour his memory in death.

Mr. Dowling constructed three race tracks because (with his associated directors) he built and re-built Rosebery three times. "And each time we built it better," he would say proudly.

He raced horses 44 years ago, and he used to tell how unprofitable it could be in those times. A small club used to run races under the direction of the late Mr. James Murtough on an impromptu track outside of the Sir Joseph Banks Hotel, Botany. At one meeting, arranged to raise funds for the widow of the late Frank Smith, who formerly conducted the Botany running grounds, Mr. Dowling's horses won four races. Stakes amounted to £10 apiece, and so poor was the meeting that,

half interest, and the outcome was the original Rosebery racecourse, which opened its gates to the public in March, 1895.

Mr. Dowling always declared that one of the greatest occasions of his life was the magnificent farewell he was tendered on his departure for England and Ireland to visit his old home. That function, by the way, was organised by Mr. Charlie Hall and the late Mr. Ned Moss, and took place in 1925. Mr. Dowling was an honorary life member of this club.

* * *

John Kennebeck was born and died an American citizen, and in his native land he will sleep the long sleep. Yet near to us privileged to share his friendship he will remain a living memory. There was a glow to his personality that neither time nor distance can chill. He will walk with us in every awakening recollection until the great reunion.

John was a man born with a mission and a message: to enchant a disordered and disrupted world to the measure at least of one man's capacity. This he did by glorious example of moral rectitude, by tolerance, fraternal helpfulness, and a cosmopolitan outlook that helped to bring countries other than his own and our own into truer perspective.

A man of deep culture, he read widely, and his grip of international affairs was amazing. Knowledge brings understanding, and misunderstanding's ally is tolerance. So John Kennebeck was a natural ambassador and, as stated in the course of a panegyric in his church, "linked the young Australia with the old America." Strangely, we had used similar words when greeting him on his return from a trip to his native country.

By his 40th year he had attained the high post of managing director in Australasia of Paramount Pictures, and he was destined for greater preferment.

* * *

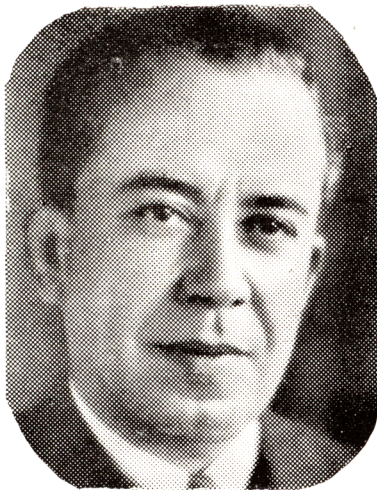
Another popular personality lost to the film world through untimely death was Mr. Robert Wrangles (Bob) Madell. He was only 46. He enriched life by a disposition that was always kindly, and by a generous outlook on a world of which he saw the brighter side. Thus, he had a heartening influence in his personal and business associations that will be acknowledged by all who knew him.

* * *

The death of Mr. J. H. S. Angus removed not only an outstanding figure in public life, but one of the most likeable of men. He made

life a pilgrimage of happy associations among his fellows, and was ever ready with a jest to lighten the most serious and, often, dual councils. Whatever Jack Angus was linked with lived, and lived heartily. He had a zestful, purposeful presence and a push that carried people with him through difficulties to great achievement.

This man had great gifts of business direction and a rare vision, but he got on everywhere, as much for



Mr. A. C. Aubry, who has been appointed President of the Chamber of Automotive Industries of New South Wales.

the reason that he got on so well with everyone, everywhere. This was instanced particularly in his deputy-presidency of the R.A.S., that great national institution of which Sir Samuel Hordern is president.

Here is a position that calls for a picturesque personality, a man of magnetic appeal, as well as a directional force. Jack Angus was

acknowledged as an admirable deputy, and did the honours in the R.A.S. traditional style.

* * *

St. Mary's Church, Young, was the scene of a pretty wedding on January 9, when Miss Dorothy Daly, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Daly, of "Milgadara," Young, was wed to Mr. John Philip Roles, of "Milton," Holmwood, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Roles, of Bellevue Hill.

The church was crowded with friends of the happy couple, and many more congregated outside to catch a glimpse of the exquisite frocking of the bridal party.

A guest of honour was Mrs. A. Roles, of Bellevue Hill, who is 82, and is a grandmother of the bridegroom.

Guests were present from Sydney, Temora, Cootamundra, Cunningham, Melbourne, Canberra, Harden and Wagga.

The couple motored to Melbourne, where they embarked for Tasmania for their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roles will make their home at "Milton," Holmwood.

* * *

Mr. Ernest Lashmar, of Chappell and Co. Ltd., and a member of this club, suggests that it would be of advantage to any members visiting London for the Coronation to telephone his brother, Mr. G. S. Lashmar, who is in business there as a theatre ticket and entertainment agent.

Mr. G. S. Lashmar's telephone numbers are Mayfair 1418-1419, 5167. He always makes a special feature of doing all he possibly can for Australians in London.

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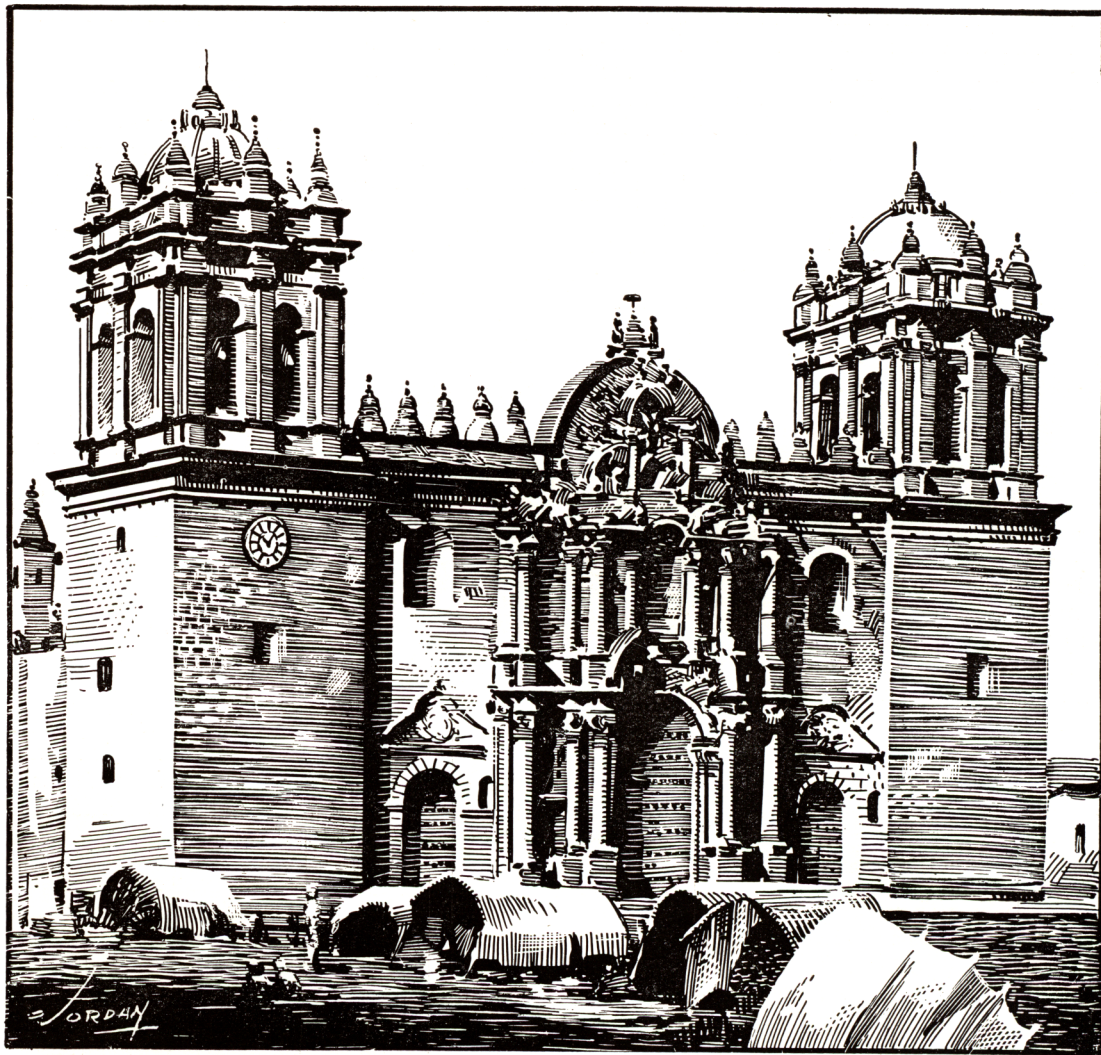
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Even in far-away Peru, a glance at the clock reminds Australians that it's always—

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Canterbury Park Racecourse



A RECORD OF PROGRESS

RACING AT CANTERBURY PARK

Canterbury Park's history, or that which can be traced, goes right away back to 1853.

Details naturally are sketchy, but according to one historian the journey to the races was a series of bumps and thumps, the course, such as it was, being indicated through the scrub by one lone flag.

The sole building was the primitive liquor bar, the attendance at time of starting was twenty-three, and the starters for the first race consisted of five sorry nags.

Racing proper on the Canterbury Park racecourse, as it is now known, began on November 9, 1871. The attendance was not exactly overwhelming at 300, but six events were provided, with a total of twenty-seven starters.

Some good old names were among those of the officials carried right on in their association with the club, Mr. F. Clissold being a steward, and Mr. Geo. Davis, clerk of the course.

Even in those early days, racing was not without its incident. The pony event saw three of the five starters disqualified through carrying too much overweight, another disqualified for going inside a flag, leaving one who did not misbehave in any way to be declared the winner.

In the final event, according to the history book, Saddler won, mainly through the bad riding of Nemo's jockey, another instance that racing and criticism are inseparable and inevitable.

Finally there was a threat of legal proceedings concerning the age of Illawarra, winner of the Canterbury Handicap, but the prize was paid over, to the disgust of the owner of the second, who wrote his mind to

the "Town and Country Journal," but publication was declined by the editor.

These early meetings on the property leased from the late Mr. Thomas Austen Davis, and formerly a bullock paddock, became the site of the present Canterbury course. In addition to being a racecourse, it was the local cricket ground.

The early programmes at these meetings hardly conformed to modern standards with heats, and the average distances being well over a mile. The meetings were carried on for several years, promoted by a group of enthusiasts who found the money and took losses or gains as they came along. So long as the racing was good and interesting, apparently they were satisfied. It was soon discovered, however, that something more was necessary, so in 1883 the Canterbury Park Racecourse Company came into being with a capital of £42,000, divided into 84 shares of £500 each.

The first directors were Messrs. F. Clissold, W. Davis, J. T. Nightingale, C. J. Ford, James Kellick, John Spencer and M. Seale.

About the middle of the year the present club's property had been purchased and a start made on the preparation of a real racecourse. A piece of bad luck saw the missing of some extra land on the eastern side of the course, but for a while a mile and a quarter circuit would have been possible. However, Messrs. Clissold and Davis lost no time in getting to work, and by the end of 1883 all was ready for the opening meeting.

A special party was given in celebration, the A.J.C. Committee and the Press representatives being conveyed from Sydney in a drag drawn

by four greys, a circuit of the track being part of the programme. Trees surrounded the course, which, in those days was to all intents and purposes a bush-track. The appointments cost £850, but all, including the running track, was liberally praised. The clearing of the track of trees and scrub and the consequent ploughing and planting of grass were the biggest jobs, but all was well done.

January 19, 1884, saw the first meeting under the aegis of the Canterbury Park Race Club as now constituted. The sale of the gate realised £269 at auction, which went far towards paying the £300 prize-money for five events. The attendance was estimated at 5,000, and it is interesting to note that in these days of the late start, the first race was timed for 1.30. Obviously there is really nothing new. The riders on that opening day included W. Keiso and S. R. Lamond senr., now No. 1 trainers at Randwick.

The lesson learned from the first race meeting was that more land had to be secured, and an additional seven acres were purchased adjoining the course which enabled the club to increase the accommodation for the paddock patrons, and provide a cheaper or St. Leger reserve.

Accordingly, for the second meeting in March of 1884, there was improvement all round, the prize money going to £500 for the five races, for which there were 55 starters. It was a bad day for backers, but of the selling race the club netted £160 from the sale of Paul for £185. A Ladies' Bracelet on the programme brought out only two gentlemen riders, but one of them, Mr. W. Frost, won on Exchange against the professionals.

(Continued on Page 6.)

(Continued from Page 5.)

In its first year the Canterbury Park Club distributed over £2,000 in prize money. It filled a niche in the racing scheme for, prior to its advent, there were only 22 racing days, all told in Sydney. Naturally the club was welcomed by owners and trainers, who had been forced to go to the country or other States. In the first five years the club paid out £18,429 in prizes, and in ten years £37,914. In the first twenty years the sum of £71,500 was reached.

During the next twenty years the club marched still further along the road of progress. Five figures, or £11,650, were reached for the first time in 1921. In 1926 the top of the curve was reached at £14,670. Thus, from 1884 to the present day, the Canterbury Park Club's Stakes in the aggregate would be in the region of £400,000.

There were, of course, fluctuations of fortune, for bad seasons had their effect on racing. In 1900, for various reasons, the prize money fell away to £2,800.

There has been a singular continuity of officials throughout the life of the Canterbury Park Club. Mr. W. L. Davis, who was so prominent in the original organisation, was chairman from 1890 to 1893. Mr. Davis, having other important matters in hand, gave way in his dual position as secretary, to be followed in succession by Major Nelson, Mr. G. W. S. Rowe, Mr. M. Seale, and then Mr. Davis came in again as general manager and secretary. In 1924 he decided to retire, and handed over to Mr. Horrie Evans, who has carried on to this day. Mr. Davis enjoyed his retire-

ment until about four years ago.

After 1893, Mr. Davis was followed as chairman by Mr. A. T. D. Jones, Mr. James Kellick, Mr. Richard Shute, and then in 1912 Mr. F. G. Underwood took over, and has carried on until the present day. Mr. Underwood now has as his fellow directors Dr. T. A. Daly, Mr. S. R. Allt, and Mr. H. S. Clissold, the last-named maintaining a name connected with the club from its outset.

To Mr. Davis goes the credit of instituting divisions, a humane precaution which was frowned on by the A.J.C. Committee of the time, adjudged a breach of the rules of racing, and cost Mr. Davis a £50 fine. At that time the rules said that no race should be run in heats. A bad accident had brought about the death of a jockey, Harley, at Canterbury, and Mr. Davis, with this in mind, declined to permit 36 horses to start in the Canterbury Handicap on July 31, 1897. Late scratchings reduced the field to 22, but Mr. Davis had arranged three divisions, and so it was decided. However, the A.J.C. could see no difference in heats and divisions, and Mr. Davis was warned as well as fined.

However, just a little later, the rules of racing were amended, but not until December of 1917 is there a record of another divided race at Canterbury Park.

For about five years the club, in common with those at Rosehill, Moorefield, and Warwick Farm, indulged in pony and galloway racing. Stakes were not high, but during the period at Canterbury the club paid away a round total of £12,000.

The Rosehill Club provided the first break away, going to Kensington, which commenced the round of pony courses.

The almost universal six strand barrier, which is being adopted in many countries other than Australia, had its genesis at Canterbury Park. Mr. George Gray, father of the present expert, Mr. R. Gray, tried out the first barrier at Canterbury. His collection of straps, ropes and bamboo rattled enough to drive crazy any ordinary field of horses. However, Mr. Gray persisted, and improved, and his son has carried on, until to-day there is the perfect machine.

The club suffered under the handicap in the early days of lack of adequate transport arrangements the nearest point by train being Ashfield. Eventually, however, the line was brought handy to the course, and the surrounding districts became populated. Then improvements were necessary to the course, the six furlong chute came into being, and new stands and appointments were necessary at a cost of £75,000, which made the original sum, £850, for improvements appear rather a joke. The introduction of the totalisator saw further expenditure, buildings and installation running away with another £26,000, or a rough total of £100,000.

So Canterbury Park goes along, well established, with a populous district loyal to its course, instead of the bush and scrub of the early days. The motor car has brought Canterbury just a hop, step and jump from the City, so all appears set fair for the future.

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Some of Our Rural Members

Dr. G. A. Vivers.

To achieve distinction in more than one walk of life is an accomplishment which seldom comes the way of the average citizen, and to most of us distinction comes not at all. And so, while none of us will find cause to complain, the fact remains that Dr. G. A. Vivers, of "King's Plains," near Glen Innes, in the far famed New England wool-growing district of Northern New South Wales, has earned distinction in two widely separated phases of Australian life. Firstly, he is the owner of one of the finest grazing and wool-growing station properties in the Glen Innes district. The homestead, besides being situated in picturesque surroundings, is one of the best to be found anywhere, and the whole of the station improvements measure up to a standard which spells perfection. Secondly, there surely cannot be a keener follower of "the sport of kings" than the same G. A. Vivers. Whenever a worthwhile race meeting is held up north, and the doctor fails to grace it with his presence, executives and public alike ponder on the reason thereof. It's always safe to assume that something untoward has occurred to prevent it. Everybody is aware of the fact that distance has no significance in Dr. Viver's calculations when attendance at a race meeting comes up for consideration. Such widely separated places as Moree, Tamworth and Grafton, in the north come within the orbit of his racegoing ramifications, whilst from his own home town, both north and south, they only seem to be limited by railway road-heads. This statement is, of course, a playful exaggeration, but the fact remains that there is no better supporter of good horse racing than the squire of "King's Plains."

* * *

Mr. R. ("Dick") Read.

Mining has long been recognised as one of the world's most precarious occupations. Nevertheless, history records that it has its victories, as

well as failures. And so, Australian history furnishes a number of examples where successful mining ventures have been the foundation on which equally successful pastoral investments have flourished. Take the case of R. A. Read, of "Vitonga," Moree, N.S.W., as a concrete example.

Son of the late Dr. Read, erstwhile of Singleton, N.S.W., who, with four other Hunter River identities made a fortune out of the Cobar copper mine, Dick, as he is popularly known to his wide circle of intimate friends, came to the Moree district early in the present century and purchased the "Kooroogama" (24,000 acres) portion of "Weebollabolla" holding of the late A. G. F. Munro.

No sooner had he taken possession than improvements in the form of fencing, buildings, etc., hitherto unknown in the district, began to take shape, and in less than no time, "Kooroogama" enjoyed the distinction of being the crack property of the north-west. Apart from the magnificent homestead, a feature of these improvements was the splendid wool-shed erected.

This alone, will stand for many years as a tribute and a monument to the enterprise of one man—Dick Read. This because of the fact that for many reasons it is a wool-shed without a peer throughout the length and breadth of N.S.W. You will find larger, but none better.

The "Kooroogama" stud merino flock earned a reputation for the quality of its sheep second to none in the land.

But it is not for this alone that Dick Read will be remembered. No man possesses a better understanding of his fellow man, and sure it is that his memory will remain evergreen to the many who have partaken of his hospitality and very, very tangible friendship.

Mr. Geo. S. Smith.

It is often a cause for surprise how the energies and personality of one man can change the whole outlook of a community. Take the case of Geo. S. Smith, of Westerham, Singleton, N.S.W., as an example. Born at Bundarra, on the Gwydir River, northern N.S.W., where he will still point with pride to a magnificent pine tree planted by him in the local school ground, at a time when he and it were just venturing forth on life's journey, George came to the Moree district and purchased "Budgereee" pastoral holding. At this time—many years ago—the local residents were content to live a life of peaceful and uneventful quietude. This did not suit friend George, so he forthwith set about the task of forming a cricket and amateur race club.

Both endeavours were successful, and before the locals realised it, they had become just as ardent cricket and race enthusiasts as he. What is more, George found himself the most popular man in the locality. It was, therefore, only natural that when the Shire elections came around, he was duly nominated, and of course, duly returned. As a Shire Councillor, he served for many years with outstanding distinction, and it was not until he sold "Budgereee" and acquired a large holding in the St. George (Q.) district, that Moree district lost his services in this connection.

The Queensland venture proved a good investment, and in a few years he came to Singleton and acquired "Westerham." This practically meant his retirement from the activities of years. Confidentially, George Smith is one of those energetic souls to whom the word "retire" has no significance. Since his arrival at Singleton, he has taken up the game of bowls just to fill in his spare moments, and also to satisfy his life-long flair for sport.

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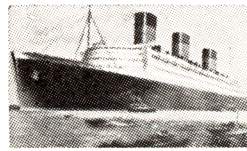
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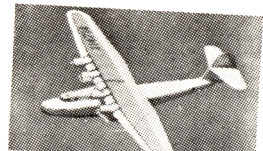


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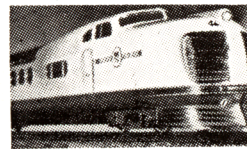
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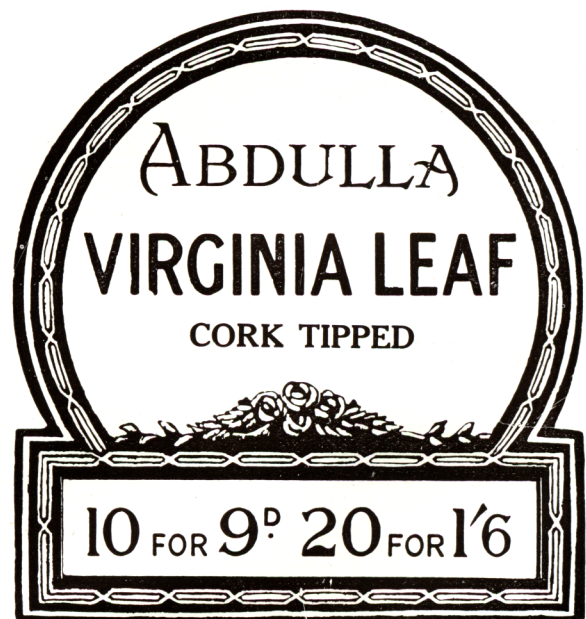
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Magic Carpets

(By Joseph Haim.)

The inborn artistry, and never-ceasing patience of the Oriental mind, makes his creations things both of beauty and worth.

But standing out as the most fascinating of all the magnificent arts and crafts of the East is the beauty, substance and historical associations of the glorious rugs and carpets, so prized, so sought after by all. In the East, even to-day, every carpet is made by hand, and for the finest specimens Persian wool is used. This retains its lovely natural blooms because it is bleached in the sun and consequently the preserving oils are not destroyed.

Ancient carpets, which were, of course, always made of Persian wool, were dyed with the exact extracts from certain roots, vegetables and flowers. And thus were produced the rich, lasting colours and subtle gloss which forms the most charming features of every genuine treasure.

To-day, in the making of cheaper rugs the carpet makers use European wool, chemically bleached, and aniline dyes. Both these substitutions, and also the imparting of an artificial and temporary gloss, have been necessitated by the demands of commerce.

Rugs and carpets produced in this way are blatant. They lack that elusive atmosphere possessed by things most ancient. The correct rug, whilst having its own distinctive colourings, should be so mellowed by age, so subtle and subdued as to appear perfectly at ease with the decorative scheme of practically any room.

I have in mind two very pleasing

examples of antiques with which my good fortune caused me to become acquainted with some while ago: One is a Kirman carpet from Persia, measuring 12 feet by 9 feet, and not unlike the 17th Century Savonnerie examples which one sees in the Palace of Versailles. The field of this particular carpet is of soft ivory, skilfully and symbolically decorated with flowers of turquoise blue and green.

The design of the whole is subservient to an oval-shaped medallion in the centre, shaded in subtle browns and purples, which are again introduced into the border. There is something truly beautiful in the expression of the pure Persian type of flower; and the soft contrasts of turquoise blue and old ivory, of green, shading browns and purples are beyond the powers of my feeble pen.

Many times when gazing at this treasure have I sighed for the ability to express its richness in words; and now I find how impossible it is to realise its magnificence without the aid of one's eyes.

The other example is a rug, Persian also, but made by the voluptuous inhabitants of the Plain of Feraghan. The design is formed by a recurring motif known as the "Herati" pattern—a rosette enclosed in lancet-shaped leaves, quaintly resembling fish. In this rug, as in all Feraghan creations of the kind, the corners of the centre panel are cut off, to form decorative triangles. This rug is soft, rich and intricate, and one walks in a veritable Persian garden of roses, carnations,

lilies, lotus flowers and simple daisies that are woven into a perfect symphony of design. Many are the attempts to imitate the work of Feraghan.

Old Oriental rugs do, indeed, provide an incomparably fascinating study. One could spend the greater part of a lifetime amidst Caucasian, Turkish (Asia Minor), Turkoman, Persian and Chinese treasures, and yet expect and experience the thrill of discovering new designs and weird eccentricities. These precious things have histories whether they are little gems or huge squares of patterned glory. They pass from one hand to another in mysterious fashion. Blood has flowed; perhaps is flowing now; and most certainly more is yet to flow before the few remaining antiques of the East recline in peace and beauty in the homes of the people of the West.

Modern decoration depends in good proportion upon mass shapes—unbroken line, unification and simplicity of design and colour. The weight is kept to the floor—walls and ceilings being merely subsidiary, as it were—hence colour and note of interest can be concentrated very successfully in an Oriental rug. This, of course, must be well chosen for general colour and proportion. Persian rugs of the antique, and, shall we say, "semi-antique" type grow upon one. What is at first a mass of rather pleasing colours set in an intricate design begins, before long, to assume all sorts of wonderful shapes and colours. One is irresistibly drawn to the beauty of it, and weaves dreams and ro-

(Continued on Page 13.)

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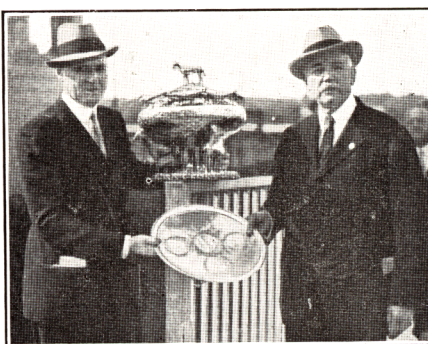
American Bloodstock and the General Stud Book

(By A. Knight, "Musket")

The Thoroughbred Club of America, which was founded five years ago, with headquarters at Lexington, Kentucky, the "capital" of the Blue Grass region, organises annually what is known as a testimonial dinner. It is becoming the American equivalent of the English Gimcrack dinner at York. Each year a man prominent in breeding and racing circles is invited to attend as the principal guest. Last year the honour was accorded to Mr. William Woodward, who succeeded the late Mr. Frank K. Sturgis as the Chairman of the New York Jockey Club, and in that exalted position has rendered great service to the Turf in his native land. Mr. Woodward is also one of the leading breeders and owners in the States, while of late years he has played no small part as a patron of the English Turf. He has a charming personality, and has hosts of friends wherever he pursues his multifarious activities. His testimonial dinner at Lexington was attended by 260 club members and guests.

Before Mr. Woodward was called upon to address the company, Mr. S. H. Strawn, of Chicago, gave an outline of his career, a summary of which will interest many who take an interest in the breeding side of racing. After obtaining degrees at Harvard, including that of LL.B., Mr. Woodward joined the New York Bar in 1901, but two years later went into banking; and succeeded so well that, in 1910, he became the President of the Hanover Bank of New York, a position he held until 1929. He is now its honorary Chairman. About 36 years ago Mr. Woodward became the owner of the historic Belair Estate, in Maryland, with which are associated the names of several worthies who were among the early importers of British thoroughbreds, including Governor Samuel Ogle. Mr. Woodward began breeding bloodstock at Belair in 1906. In recent years his

mares have been located at Mr. A. B. Hancocks stud, in Kentucky, but when weaned the foals go back to Belair. His best winners have been Gallant Fox and that horse's son, Omaha, both of whom won the Kentucky Derby, Preakness Stakes, and Belmont Stakes, three of America's principal races for three-year-



Two of America's Leading Sportsmen—Mr. J. E. Widener (left) and Mr. William Woodward, Chairman of the New York Jockey Club.

olds; while Omaha was sent to England last year to throw down the gage of battle to the best stayers in that country, and was beaten the shortest of half-heads by Quashed in the Ascot Gold Cup, 2½ miles, the most important weight-for-age race in the English calendar.

Other big winners from Mr. Woodward's stud have been Fair-eno, Gaffsman, Aga Khan, Peanuts, Petee-Wrack, Sir Andrew, The Scout, and Black Devil. Products of the Belair Stud have won over £500,000 since 1918. So that Mr. Woodward could speak with some authority as a breeder.

Mr. Woodward's Speech.

After a few preliminary remarks, Mr. Woodward proceeded:—

"The first thing I touch upon is a matter that is very near to my heart. As you know, the Jockey Club has a very pleasant and satisfactory relationship with Messrs. Weatherby and Sons, of London, owners and publishers of the General Stud Book of Great Britain.

Our friendship and relationship in the interchange of information or whatever else may come up, is a very courteous and agreeable one, which I sincerely hope will continue as long as time lasts. I am very anxious to see the day, before I shuffle off this mortal coil, when those gentlemen will recognise our American Stud Book in its entirety. I may say that I have taken up the matter informally with them, but have received very small encouragement. I do not want any one line of horses recognised; I want the recognition of our book in its entirety. I have never said this publicly before, but it seems to me that this is a very appropriate time to say it: First, because of the character of this gathering; secondly, and perhaps far more important, because of the signal victories of animals carrying American strains in England in the last few years; and, thirdly, because of the ominous results for the thoroughbreds of the world if the English Stud Book and the American Stud Book do not come together.

"The first edition of the English Stud Book, Volume 1, was published in 1793, and covered a period of about 90 years. The mares on which it was founded were Arab, Barb, and Turkish blood, plus the Royal mares, all of which were, so to speak, of cold blood prior to that time, that was, say, 200 years ago. Since then, of course, they have safeguarded and cherished the development of the thoroughbred, and justly so. There is no one in the world to whom I would bow in safeguarding the merit and purity of the Stud Book, and maintenance of its purity must be adhered to.

"Now, what of our book? The first volume was published in 1868, and covered a period of 66 years, back to 1802. But we did not start from Barbs and Royal mares; we started almost wholly from English registered stallions, and mares, in so far as Colonel Bruce could as-

certain from the prominent horse-lovers of the North and South who were greatly interested in the accuracy and publication of the first Stud Book. About 14 Epsom Derby winners amongst many, many other thoroughbreds, have been imported to this country. Our book started as a thoroughbred book. The claim is made that some pedigrees were lost in the old days, but it must be borne in mind that that was long, long ago; and since that time our book has been maintained through many generations, and will be maintained in the future, with the strictest and most careful surveillance.

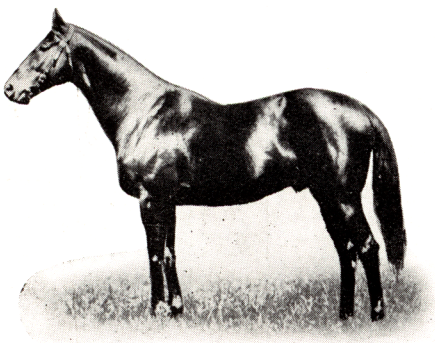
"Looking backward, and if one has the vision to do so from a period of 200 years hence, the two books will be almost of the same period. I am thinking not in terms of years, but in terms of the thoroughbred race of horses of the world in the future; and if we do not get together we will grow apart. I want one great breed of thoroughbreds the world over, mutually recognised. If this does not result, we will have two breeds, and they will gradually be as far apart as the sun and the moon. The result will be unfortunate, not for you and me, but for the great race of the thoroughbred horse.

"I have felt for a long time that the English blood was pre-eminent in the preservation of certain enduring and fundamental attributes (we constantly need new importations), and I believe that the climate and conditions of the British Isles have an inherent ability to maintain these attributes; but I also believe that the sunlight and electric atmosphere of America produces a condition that gives the sparkle to the diamond of thoroughbred blood.

"I do not want to offend my English friends, of whom I have many. I enjoy racing in their country enormously; but as a sane proposition, I hope they can seriously consider the recognition of our Stud Book in its entirety—not for any selfish reason of our own, but for the sake of the thoroughbred. Our records are open to them; we would welcome a full investigation.

"It is rather amusing to consider the best two-year-olds in England of 1935. A fair statement of the best includes Abjer, Bala Hissar,

Mahmoud, Bossover Colt, Sansonet, and Paul Beg. Four of these six carry American blood. The winner of the 1934 Doncaster Cup, 2½ miles, carries American blood. These high-class horses will breed on, and what will be the result? I leave the result to the future, but when I say that they may be as far apart as the sun and the moon, it reminds me of a negro story. A darkey, asked which was the more important, the sun or the moon, immediately answered, 'The moon, because it shines when we need the



The mighty Man o' War, who won 20 races in 21 starts, breaking five records in doing so, and subsequently became famous as a stallion.

light.' And it may be that our horses would be the moon."

Thankerton's Standing in America.

The rule which prevents certain American thoroughbreds from entry into the General Stud Book was adopted at the instance of the late Earl of Jersey, who proposed to have excluded from the volume, mares which do not trace in every line to the pedigrees of mares in the earlier volumes. This rule is known in America as the "Jersey Act," because of the name of its proposer. But Americans lose sight of the fact that the same rule precludes many English, Irish, and Australian horses from being included in the pages of the General Stud Book; but, judging by the bitter manner in which the "Jersey Act" is attacked by American writers, one would think that it was only American horses which were affected by the Earl of Jersey's rule.

Take the case of the English colt Thankerton, who ran third to Mahmoud, and Taj Akbar in the last English Derby. At the end

of last year it was announced that Mrs. Shand, together with her colt Thankerton, had left England for San Francisco, with the idea of making an endeavour to win the rich Santa Anita Handicap, which is to take place on the 27th of this month (February). The jockey, M. Beary, who was to ride the colt, was also one of the party.

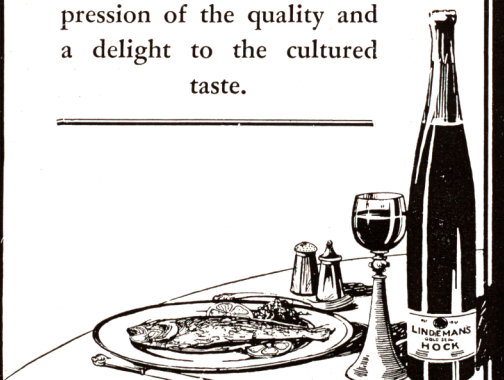
Americans, however, have a racing law which is even more drastic than the "Jersey Act," which reads; "No horse may start in any race on the flat unless duly registered and named. Only those horses are eligible for registry which authentically trace, in all their lines, to animals recorded in the American Stud Book, or in a recognised stud book of another country. No horse foaled outside the United States or Canada shall be registered until the owner has filed in the Registry Office a certificate stating age, colour, sex, distinguishing marks, if any, and pedigree, as recorded in the recognised Stud Book of its native country, or that country from which it is exported."

This racing law was referred to by "Roamer," a contributor to the "Thoroughbred Record," a weekly journal devoted to the thoroughbred, and published in Lexington, U.S.A., who stated: "Whether the officials of the Santa Anita course will be governed by the rule of the Jockey Club in the case of Thankerton is a matter of conjecture. This much is certain: Registrar Fred Klees, on being appealed to, stated, when the facts of the case were outlined to him, that he was powerless to grant Thankerton a certificate to the effect that he was a registered thoroughbred."

"Roamer's" remarks appeared in the "Record" on November 24, and in the December 19 issue of that paper the weights for the Santa Anita Handicap appear, but Thankerton's name is missing from the list. And this means that a colt eligible to run in the English Derby is debarred from starting in any flat race in America! From now on we should hear less of the iniquities of the "Jersey Act," which provides so many American journalists with abundance of "copy" when there is nothing else to write about.

(Continued on Page 13.)

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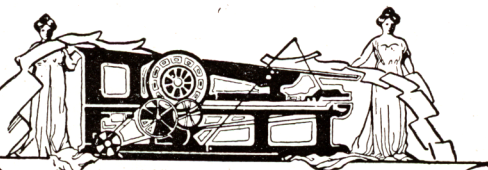
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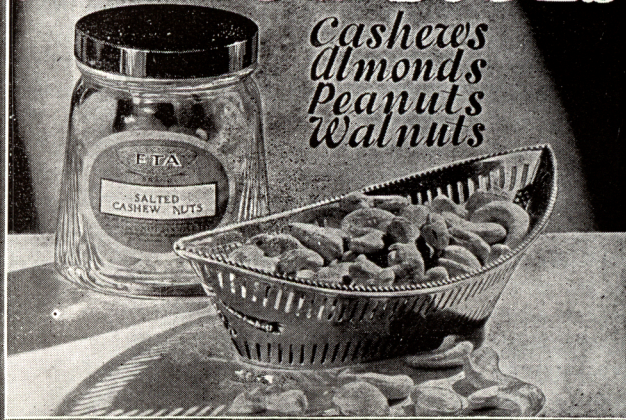
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American Bloodstock and the General Stud Book

(Continued from Page 11.)

"Salvator," another contributor to the "Thoroughbred Record"—and a very fair and knowledgeable writer on all that pertains to the thoroughbred—regards the "Jersey Act" with contempt. In a recent issue of that paper he said: "We Americans don't like to be insulted and have our faces slapped." It will be interesting to read his remarks on the American law which debars a colt eligible for the English Derby to race in any event on the flat in America. That rule has all the appearance of being the most ridiculous ever passed, but it is not suggested that it was passed for the purpose which the Americans claim that the "Jersey Act" was for—preventing in the bloodstock market competition against English breeders.

MAGIC CARPETS

(Continued from Page 9.)

mance into the smallest flower in that Persian garden. They are fascinatingly interesting without being obtrusive—a claim one cannot make for the majority of modern rugs: alas, the general effect there being so often to startle.

Of course, it is not good enough just to say: "I must have an Oriental rug," there are pitfalls here as elsewhere. The rug must be chosen with much care, and—lacking first-hand knowledge—guidance. Also, one must not lose sight of the fact that—as in every commodity—there has been a very great deal of dumping of coarse hand-made rugs of very inferior dyed wool which are sold upon the reputation of the old ones.

Looking at it from the more material point of view, there is no more economical floor covering than the Oriental rug and carpet.

The initial outlay is undoubtedly more, but consider length of wear, and the fact that with the mellowing of years the value increases. The moral thus appears to be that old seasoned Oriental rugs, which have proved their worth, are the most pleasing possession and the safest investment in these critical days of fluctuating monetary standards.

The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.

SERIES No. 7.

THE PASSING OF THE BARRIER

GOVERNOR Macquarie had not long been in control of the colony before he made it known that he was anxious to discover a passage across the Blue Mountains and that any expeditions making attempts to discover this would meet with his wholehearted approval and that the Government would liberally support any such undertakings. In fact, so earnest was Macquarie to see the mountains crossed that he joined Blaxland in one attempt: that met with the customary failure. Blaxland, however, was not daunted by this one failure and with Macquarie's support and encouragement was anxious to try again.

IN 1813 Blaxland succeeded in enlisting the services of two friends, Lieutenant William Lawson and William Charles Wentworth (then only a boy of nineteen), in the planning of an expedition to make a determined effort to force a passage across the mountains. On May 11, 1813, the party, well equipped for the task in view, left Blaxland's farm at South Creek and began the journey westward. They camped during the first night at the foot of the mountains, and early the next morning began the first ascent. It proved difficult work, so much so, indeed, that during the whole of that day they only succeeded in penetrating 3½ miles through the dense scrub and over the broken, rocky ground. So it went on for day after day, the scrub in parts being so dense that it had to be cleared to allow the horses to pass through. To their difficulties were added shortage of water and scarcity of food for the horses. Whenever a patch of grass was found a quantity had to be carried on for future use. In spite of this, however, the horses gradually weakened, considerably adding to the already numerous difficulties. While in front of them, as though to emphasise the magnitude of their task, stretched the great mountain range, harsh and rugged close at hand, but blue and softened in the distance.



The monument on Mount York marking the spot from which the Western Plains were first observed.

ON May 23 they forced their way by where Katcomba stands to-day, and five days later they reached Mount York and saw gently undulating country below. It was the first view of the west, but in his journal Blaxland shows little excitement at the wonder of what lay before them—"On the 28th," he wrote, "they proceeded about five miles and three-quarters. Not being able to find water, they did not halt till five o'clock, when they took up their situation on the edge of the precipice. To their great satisfaction, they discovered that what they had supposed to be sandy, barren land below the mountain was forest land, covered with good grass and with timber of an inferior quality. In the evening they contrived to get their horses down the mountain ... and here they tasted fresh grass for the first time since they left the forest land on the other side of the mountains."

THE next three days were spent in travelling across the country west of the mountains, after which a shortage of provisions and the easy knowledge that they had accomplished that which had defied every effort for almost twenty-five years caused them to turn back. The return journey across the mountains occupied less than a week.

A GRATEFUL Governor rewarded each of the trio with a grant of a thousand acres of the best of the land they had discovered, but no reward could have been conceived in proportion to the value of their discovery, the true worth of which was only to be realised as settlement spread further into the great west.

The Romance of the Toheroa

(By Edward Samuel.) In "Walkabout" Magazine of January, 1937.

Some years ago, when the crossword craze was at its zenith, on one occasion the request for a word of seven letters describing "a unique and appetising shell-fish found in New Zealand" was a stumbling-block for most of the competitors, very few of whom wrote the word "Toheroa" in the allotted space. In those days, the toheroa, as a delicacy, had not come into favour. Today it finds a place on the menus of most hotels and restaurants in the world.

The story of how this clam sprang into fame is rather interesting, and justifies the claim put forward on behalf of our ex-King that, during his regime as Prince of Wales, he was an ambassador for British trade interests.

In 1920, ex-King Edward, then Prince of Wales, toured New Zealand, and an excellent chef was engaged for the royal train. He prepared a special soup for the Prince—it was a soup made from the toheroa, a bivalve product of the North Island. The Prince apparently liked the new soup, for he signed a menu for the chef, making his approbation by underlying "Toheroa Soup" and writing "Very good" in the margin. From that day, toheroa soup has taken its place as one of the world's choicest food delicacies.

In every sense of the word the toheroa is a native of New Zealand. Scattered beds of the shell-fish are found in quite a number of localities on the west coast of the North Island of the Dominion, but only in commercial quantities north of the Kaipara Harbour. The two northern beaches, the Kaipara and the so-called "Ninety-mile Beach" in the Far North (actually only sixty miles in length), have been leased by the New Zealand Marine Department, with canning rights, and well-equipped factories are operated on both beaches.

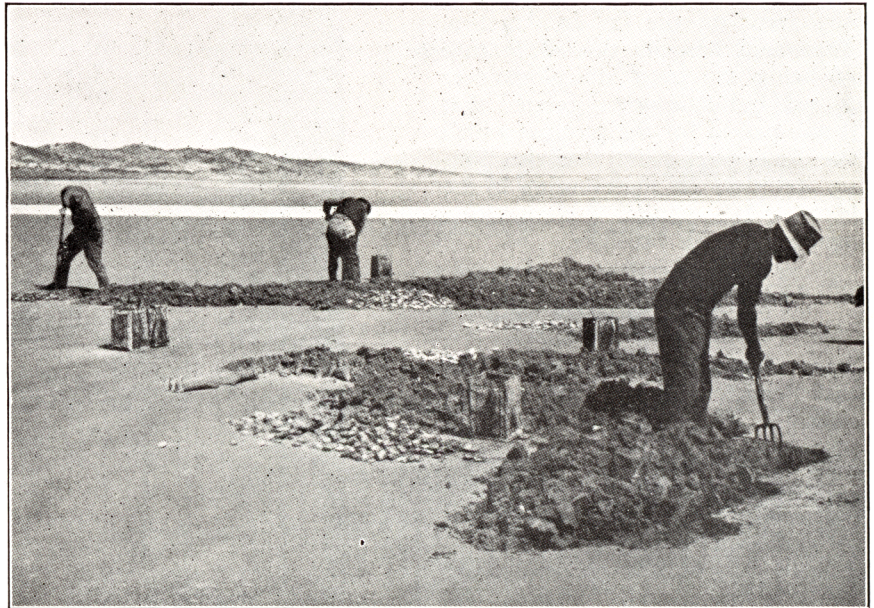
The majestic Ninety-mile Beach, an inhospitable shore, is a wide, hard beach, at low water fully a quarter of a mile wide, that stretches with but one break of rocks from Scott's Point, a little south of Cape Maria van Diemen, to the little set-

tlement of Ahipara. This beach is the main thoroughfare to the Far North, and along the whole stretch are countless beds of toheroa.

The name "toheroa," which is the Maori for "long tongue," very aptly describes the subject of my article. When mature, the toheroa is about six inches long and four inches across, having flat, smooth white shells, slightly curved at the hinge end; the contents comprise a

the beach with the end of an umbrella. These holes are due to the action of the fish in shooting two long suckers up through the sand at feeding-time; that is, when the water is covering the beds.

The toheroa is somewhat migratory in its habits, large beds often shifting a considerable distance along the beach. The toheroa has always been a staple food of the Maori race. Huge beds of time-



Digging for Toheroas.

large, pouch-like fish, with a large long, and very tough tongue.

The contents of the pouch have a greenish colour, which is quite distinctive, and the long tongue has endowed this clam with extraordinary powers of burrowing with surprising rapidity—it can actually propel itself at some speed. In fact, when dug, toheroas must be at once placed in tins or on sacks, or they will disappear like magic into the sand again.

On the two beaches mentioned, there are huge beds of these shell-fish, packed closely together. The mature fish are found at about half-tide mark, so crowded together that they form almost a solid mass. The beds are easily located by the large number of small indentations in the sand, somewhat similar to holes that would be left after prodding

worn bleached shells often found far inland throughout the North Island are ample evidence of their popularity from the earliest days of settlement. These relics of bygone feasts often mark the spot where there were ancient battlefields or great gatherings.

When the Government of New Zealand decided to commercialise the toheroa by leasing the canning rights of the two main beaches, the native race, and also the white settlers, were protected by a proviso in the contracts that allowed them full rights to continue taking the fish for their own use in reasonable quantities. In spite of this, however, the Maori for some time regarded the operations with considerable distaste and suspicion.

By chance, soon after the agreement had been signed, the toheroa

clans were seized by the wanderlust and migrated en masse, not apparently along the beach but into deep water, as they disappeared entirely for some months. The superstitious Maoris attributed their disappearance to a direct act of protest registered by some unseen power. However, the toheroa tribes returned, and somewhat similar migrations have taken place on several occasions since.

Zoologists have made careful investigations and have discovered that such excursions synchronize with long spells of easterly weather, which result in very calm seas on this coast for many weeks. During these calm periods, the long rollers subside into a mere ripple, and countless hordes of schnapper have been observed—and this is no fish yarn—standing on their heads with their tails out of water, burrowing after and attacking the toheroa, and finally devouring it by first biting off the long suckers and then cracking the shells with their powerful jaws. Evidently the migration is undertaken to escape the attack of the enemy.

To-day the Maori is quite resigned to the canning operations, and much of the work at the factories is in the hands of the native race. Canning is carried on solely during the winter and spring months, as it is at this period that the toheroa are in their best condition.

Spawning takes place early in December, when they get very thin and tough and are quite unsuitable for canning purposes. The spawn is washed up to high-water mark, whence, as the creature hatches and begins to assume definite shape, it gradually works its way down the beach, until, on reaching maturity, it finally settles, as previously stated

in the sand at about half-tide mark, the largest fish always being found at this point.

The flocks of sea-gulls on the beaches are also natural enemies of the toheroa, and it is quite a remarkable sight to see these birds, which are particularly active during migratory periods, pounce down on a large toheroa awash in the sea, carry it to a great height, and then drop it on the hard sand to break the shell, at the same time swooping beachwards in order to retain possession. Frequently there is keen competition, and birds will cut in and intercept the quickly-dropping shell in mid-air, effecting a catch that would out-rival one of Bradman's at his best.

The operations at the factory at Tikinui, on the Kaipara Beach, about 17 miles south of Dargaville, and on the Ninety-mile Beach, whence go forth the cases of canned toheroa, are quite interesting. As a rule, a beach gang of six men is employed, on contract, to supply the raw article to the factory. These men commence digging operations at about half-tide, on the ebb, and continue until the incoming tide drives them off the beds.

The toheroas are always dug with fairly wide-pronged forks; this ensures the minimum of damage as compared with digging with spades. From the beach they are carted to the diggers' camps and are there hand-opened, the method used being to insert a thin-bladed knife between the two shells in order to sever a very strong muscle that holds them together. This muscle is so strong that, should one have the misfortune to have a finger caught between the shells, it would be almost impossible to pull the toheroa off without breaking the shell

and before a very painful injury had been inflicted.

Openers, however, become very adept, and the speed at which they go through the result of a tide's digging would astound the ordinary individual.

The shell fish is then carted in tins to the factory, thoroughly washed to remove all sand, placed raw in tins, and finally processed, stacked for a period to watch for "blown" tins, labelled, lacquered, cased, carted to the port, and shipped.

Wherever the toheroa product is introduced, it is appreciated and finds a ready market, as the nutritive value of this shell-fish is extremely high, and the product can be prepared in many ways in addition to the making of well-known soup.

GOLF NOTES

The January Outing of the Golf Club took the form of a Four Ball Best Ball Competition at New South Wales, and resulted in a win for S. E. Chatterton and W. A. Boyd, with a Score of 5 up. The Runners-Up were: I. Stanford, and S. A. Brown, with 2 up.

Sweep Winners.

F. Gawler and W. Dittfort drew the Winners.

S. E. Chatterton and W. A. Boyd drew the Runners-Up.

The last event of the final Henry E. Coleman Bowl Competition will be held at The Lakes, on the 18th February, 1937. The following are the leading players in the Competition:

W. A. Boyd, 72; R. C. Cathels, 72; S. Baker, 70; R. B. Barmby, 70; I. Stanford, 68; H. Boyle, 67; J. B. Ferrier, 67; J. Normoyle, 66; F. Paul, 65.

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Billiards and Snooker

Is It Wise to Strike With Power? —
Drastic Alterations to Rules Suggested

Walking into the billiard room during the past week, the writer was asked a simple question, but one which is not easy to answer. In brief it was "does it pay to hit the balls hard in snooker?" That was all, and apparently the reply is simple. Study the matter, however, and you will probably end up with a headache.

There are times, in both billiards and snooker when the man behind the cue must use all the power at his command.

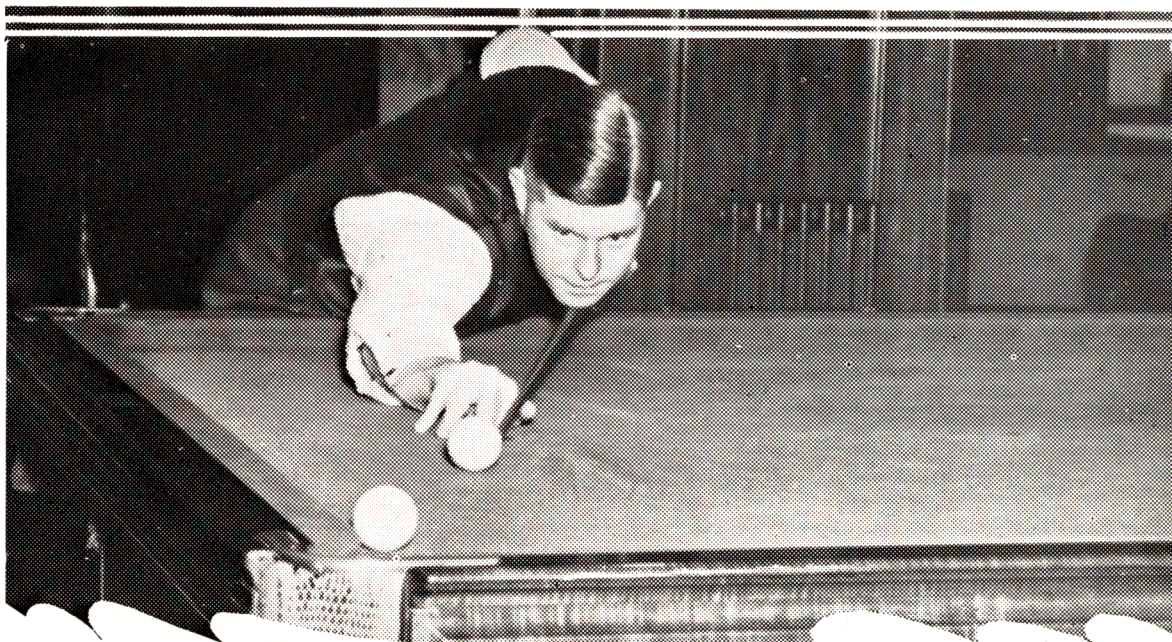
so far away from home. Those who watched Frank Smith when in his prime, well remember how reds and colours simply flew into the holes, and the method, no doubt, adds colour to the idea that the faster the better.

Letters received from England dealing with this question are to the effect that Joe Davis, the undisputed champion, and Horace Lindrum even strike harder, on occasion, than the Canadian duo.

If you hit a ball very hard you

There is enough in this to matter when playing conditions are certified as of championship class. There is vastly more in it when the conditions are not so ideal.

Then, within reason, the sharper the shot the better so far as sheer potting goes. There are limits, of course. No one can expect to clout a ball into a middle pocket at an awkward oblique angle, but if the pocket is "open" and the ball has any sort of a distance to go to reach it, the free shot pays every time.



Walter Lindrum demonstrates here how to play a run-through into a ball which is close to the pocket. Played with right-hand side (the obvious), the shot is not on except through some lucky chance. Played with left-hand side, it becomes almost a certainty.

The happy-go-lucky snooker player who bangs a ball into a pocket at fifty miles per hour, more or less, is usually told he is not playing the right game, that he ought to tap them in without exceeding the speed limit.

As against that, we have seen champions going at it hammer and tongs, and every ball potted seemed to positively crash its way off the table. It has been said that the two Canadian champions, Con Stanbury and Clare O'Donnell, have been known to make the pocket plates rattle. But no need to go

cancel out every possible fault in playing conditions. Should the ball be a little the worse for wear, the cloth pitted or not so true as in its younger days, it is wonderful how a slow ball will "turn" if it has any distance to travel.

Sometimes, if your luck is working a spot of overtime, the "turn" will drift your ball into a pocket. The snag is when a perfectly good and true shot "turns away" and leaves a ball a "sitter" for your opponent instead of being in the pocket, where it would have been had it kept on a

All that has been written above refers to potting pure and simple. When position is taken into account, as it must be by every player worth his salt, strength of cue work is always subordinate to positional requirements.

Another matter which is engaging the attention of green cloth habits, is the continuity of suggestions regarding a change in conditions of play.

Walter Lindrum has suggested a fourth ball for a new style of billiards game, while Joe Davis and others in England are trying to devise some new ideas for snooker.

"NERVE"

By W. Scarth Dixon in "The Sport of Kings"

Nerve has been defined by the lexicographers as "steadiness and firmness of mind; self-command in personal danger or under suffering; unshaken courage and endurance, coolness, pluck, resolution." And it must be admitted that the definition is a good one, covering most of the ground. Yet have I known men who were undoubtedly possessed of all these qualities in a marked degree who were in no way good men to hounds in the general acceptance of the term—who, in other words, were lacking in nerve. And some of these were fine horsemen, too.

It is a curious quality that of nerve. A man's nerve, by which I mean his riding nerve, will go from him in a day; it will sometimes, but not frequently, come back to him as suddenly as it departed.

Every one who has hunted any length of time and kept his eyes open must be able to call to mind many a man who has commenced his hunting career with apparent enthusiasm, who has gone like the proverbial Blazes for two or three seasons, taking croppers as all in the days' work, and then all at once given up hunting altogether, because his nerve has gone. He has, perhaps, tried to "go" for a season enduring unknown tortures in the attempt, and then he has given up altogether. He has never joined the skirting brigade, not, perhaps, as some would suggest, because he was too proud to do so after having once been a first-flight man, but because he did not care sufficiently for hunting.

A curious instance of loss of nerve occurs to my memory, and doubtless some of my readers may know of similar ones. A man, a very fine horseman, gave up really riding to hounds long before he gave up riding steeplechases. One would naturally think that the latter was the more dangerous pursuit of the two, as indeed it is; but the man I have in my mind's eye rode well between the flags long after he had developed one of the keenest eyes for a gap of any man I ever knew.

I have spoken of those men who riding hard for a couple of seasons or so, drop out of it altogether. Now I come to a man of very different stamp. He was perhaps never what is called a bruiser, just rode on steadily, always taking a good place, and always keeping it. I knew a man of this kind who was very difficult indeed to tackle for many years; then he lost his nerve, and, though he occasionally jumped a fence—even a big one—he never "opened out," as it were. But he loved hunting, and he kept on. I remember him once saying that he had a very good little mare, but she was too quick for him. I rode that mare once or twice and did not find her at all bad to handle. Well, the days of the little mare went by, she was sold or something, and some few years afterwards I happened to meet my friend in the hunting field. Now the horse he was riding was a handful and no mistake. I could see that as we jogged on, after trying the first covert, and I did not expect to see much of my friend after we "found." The mare aforesaid was an angel compared with the horse he was riding. We found at last, there was a scent, and I was one of those who got a good start. It was a biggish country we were crossing, gradually getting bigger as we went on.

At the end of a quarter of an hour came a check, and I was somewhat surprised to see my friend amongst us as we pulled up. But my surprise was to be still greater; hounds hit off the line, and ran down a long field, at the bottom of which was a yawner. Down went my friend at the yawner, which he cleared in gallant style, and he was one of the very few who saw the death of the fox, having gone in front the whole of the way.

He has found his nerve again! I must add that he was always a fine horseman, and that his nerve has never since failed him.

I once heard a man chaffed for having lost his nerve—rather a heartless thing I think, for

it is none too pleasant to know that one has lost one's nerve, and a man always tries to hide it from himself as long as he can. The circumstances were as follows:—The man in question had had a bad fall, but, keen as mustard, he was out again as soon as possible. Hounds were running, and crossed a cramped but soft place, from which there was a sharp climb out. It was a place where an impetuous horse might come to grief, and if, as was the case with the man in question, a man had not the full use of his limbs, he might easily have been seriously hurt. So he turned his horse away from what was little better than a gap—in other words, he faked it. And immediately he was chaffed about his loss of nerve by two or three men who would probably have never got on to a horse again had they had such a fall as he had had, and who certainly would not have ridden hunting so soon after a bad fracture. Hounds did not run long, and when they had killed their fox, they went into a more open country. Going from one covert to another, they came across a gate which was bad to open, and the men who had been so free with their chaff looked round for some one to open it for them, for opening necessitated getting off into a wet hole. "I'll manage the gate," said the man whom they had chaffed, and, riding up to it at a trot, he jumped it in his stride. And then he pulled up and "let them have it" concerning their bad manners of the morning. His nerve, it will be observed, was not strong enough to face the cramped place in his then condition, but it enabled him to ride over a gate in cold blood.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," says the old copybook motto and it is one of the curiosities of riding nerve that a man will go hard in some countries, whilst in others which are very similar he, to use a well-known colloquialism, "will not ride a yard." It is easy enough to un-

(Continued on Page 20)

Does It Pay?

Does it pay to be a sportsman? The question has been asked many times of recent years and, generally, in the negative by sportsmen personally. However, in every walk of life we find people dissatisfied with their lot, or perhaps more correctly, wishing they had been placed in other channels in earlier life when their parents were worried about the question.

Actually, one makes bold to say that it does not matter in which sphere one finds oneself provided one can reach the top. There is always plenty of room there.

If we analyse our professions it will be found that very few offer the same facilities for moneymaking as ability on the field of sport. For instance:

When the boxer Max Schmelling sent Joe Louis on a star gazing excursion per medium of a punch into the solar plexus or some other portion of his anatomy, the pathway was strewn with bank notes to the value of £27,000. Not too bad for a twelve round bout. £750 per minute, or £12/10- per second. Nearly as much, a friend advises me, as legal fees in a small debts court! The "gate" on the occasion under review ran into £75,000 (dollars converted into English money). Memory recalls that the Dempsey-Carpentier mill drew a quarter of a million "gate" and the boxers split the bare £150,000. Not too bad for a night's work. And, remember that Tunney earned £250,000 for his two victories over Jack Dempsey. Many of us have to do much more to earn such a competence!

One could go on at great length and name vast sums the glove brigade have collected, such as Braddock £30,000, Kid Lewis £60,000, etc., etc.

Soccer football stars in England receive weekly payments with a benefit every five years with a fixed sum of £650. All benefits are not run on a fixed basis but the "stars" see to their part.

Tennis champions are sent hither and thither by their respective associations and a real topnotcher gets a bird's eye view of the whole world at someone else's expense. Of course,

tennis players are mostly amateur, and do not earn fees. As against that they can do quite a number of things which bring grist to the mill without affecting their status. They can write articles, books, or accept engagement with sporting firms, who pay handsomely for the right to use their names.

Cricketers are divided into two sections—amateur and professional—but it is open to question as to which contingent is better placed financially. Members of the Australian XI. receive £600, plus all expenses for a tour de luxe of England, and, in the evening of their lives, can look forward to a benefit match which will bring in something approaching four figures. In Test matches played in Australia the fee is £20 per match, plus expenses.

Of course, there is always the argument that a first-class cricketer finds little time to do anything else but flay the bowling or be flayed. As a matter of fact, it would surprise if he really wanted to. A case of when you are on a good thing, stick to it.

Golfers are a downtrodden race! Gene Sarazen stated that the winning of the British Open Championship is worth £40,000 to an American during the ensuing twelve months. An Englishman cannot make anything like that amount because of the lack of tremendous fees for radio, talks, etc, etc. Taken by and large, there are several golfers who make bigger money than many a business man considered to be in a fairly large way.

Amateur golfers in England and overseas generally can earn much more than pros by way of sweepstakes, and there are several instances where individuals have earned upwards of £7,000 in one year. They are still amateurs just as much as a certain amateur cricketer who received £2,000 for reporting a series of "test" matches.

In the racing world, jockeys can earn quite a sum, but as there is no desire to "wake up" that very alert Government department known as the Taxation ditto; it would be well to avoid quoting Australian top-

liners. Anyway, what does it matter? In England, Gordon Richards pulls down at least £10,000 a year, and the rider of the Derby winner usually receives £1,100, or approximately £7 per second while the race is in progress. No need to dilate at length on this phase.

Cycling of the pedal variety offers its rewards, and Pete van Kempen, the six-day champion of the world, receives £350 for one week's services. Our own Hubert Opperman was once engaged in the Postal Department, but found his legs of great value, with the result that today he has capitalised into a seat on the board of a thriving business turning over three-quarters of a million annually.

Dazzling and bewildering are the figures of money in sport. Almost every game offers wealth to the astute promotor and the star performer. Yes, the big money is there. But besides the glamorous headlines, there are so many down-and-outs in sport that only genius or outstanding ability justifies the playing fields as a career.

On the other side of the ledger, one can say with emphasis that if the "goods can be produced," the easiest and quickest way to become surrounded by this world's goods is to play up to the public per medium of brilliant performance.

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Swimming Notes—At Last!—Swimming Youngsters who look "The Goods"—Jack Medica's Tour Will Be Big Help.

Successor to a brilliant list of world beaters to tackle our champions in their home baths, Jack Medica is certainly the daddy of them all, and it hardly looks as if he will meet defeat as most of the others did.

Great men were Duke and Sam Kahanamoku, Ludy Langer, Norman Ross, Takaishi, Jean Taris, Arne Borg and Kalili, all of whom did something to improve swimming in Australia, but everybody looks to the Medica visit to spark our lads up more than any of the others, for never have we had such promising material on which to work.

Medica won the 400 metres Olympic championship at Berlin in Olympic record time of 4.44½, but he holds the World's record of 4.40 4/5, so we are going to see something right out of the box when he gets going.

Australian figures stand to the credit of Andrew Charlton at 4.55 2/5, while Australia's toughest opponent for Medica, Noel Ryan, has put up 4.56.

With Empire Games being held in Sydney in 1938, Medica's visit could not have been timed better as an incentive for our young, promising swimmers.

During previous tours by world stars, individuals have popped up to beat them occasionally. Charlton put paid to the accounts of Borg, Takaishi and Harris, Tommy Adrian defeated Duke Kahanamoku at a distance which was beyond Duke's powers, and Frank Beaurepaire beat most of the men he met once.

But while we cannot hope for victories over Medica even though Ryan is swimming better than ever in his career, we can look forward to clashes with him producing great tussles.

For many years, with the bright exception of Charlton, Australian swimmers have been falling back and back from world's standards, but the recent big carnivals showed up a few youngsters destined, unless we badly miss our guess, to bring Australia's name before the world again.

In Bob Newbiggen, of Newcastle, there is a junior who breaks records every time he starts. A swim of 62 2/5 secs. for 110 yards would have won any Australian title up to last year, when Bill Kendall and Bill Fleming came on the scene, yet this 15 years old lad did that time, and, at that, was not so far ahead of Ian Stewart, of Victoria.

Then Newbiggen stopped the clocks at 2.22 for 220 yards, just about the best evidence of his worth as a sprinter, for history has shown that the sprinter who could not go a furlong was no world beater. Looking at it in the light that no Australian had ever beaten 2.20 for 220 yards up to last season, and it is clearly shown that this latest find is the makings of a real star.

Robin Biddulph, 16 years, swam nine seconds better than Charlton did at the same age for 440 yards, and don't forget that Charlton in that year thrice defeated the redoubtable Arne Borg.

Alan Fidler, 15 years, made a grand showing over 440 yards, and has the stuff inside him of which champions are made.

But the best performance of the lot was by Westralian, 17 years old, Miss Dorothy Green, who knocked spots off the 220 yards Australian record in recording 2.32, less than five seconds outside the World's record.

Allowing for natural improvement, and the benefits to be derived from seeing Jack Medica in action, these swimmers, all youngsters, should make a brave showing at next year's Empire Games, and, who knows, they may put Australia on the world's swimming map at Tokio in 1940.

Pool Splashes.

There's a reason for Alec Richards' Point Score Win.

There's no need to take a referendum in the Pool amongst the men who race on Tuesdays and Thursdays as to which is the most popular distance.

Alas, and also alack, the boys have come to the conclusion after the last 80 yards race that they're not getting any younger, and, from

now on, they're going to strike if the Hon. Sec. puts on anything further than 60 yards.

Forty yards is the race that draws the big fields, and we have even heard some barracking for one lap dashes. But a little bird whispers in our ear that the boys are not going to be pampered that much.

With a win, a tie for first, and a second in four starts, Alec Richards burst into the limelight with a vengeance last month to simply canter home with the Point Score. Actually, there is a final to be swum to finish the series, but Alec cannot be beaten.

Inquiries into the winner's sudden regaining of form do not leave much doubt about the reason, for Alec's chest is very much inflated these days over the birth of a daughter. Congrats., Alec! Also, we note "Grandpa" F. V. Richards looking very spry these days.

Sid McCure looked in the other day with a lot of his surplus weight missing, to take a heat over 80 yards in 48 seconds. This was a good effort for the ex-star sprinter, and was only beaten on the day by Vic. Richards, who put up 45 ½ secs.

John Buckle was another to put in an appearance, and first up he combined well with Dave Tarrant to land a Brace Relay Handicap at an outside quote.

During the month the Interstate swimmers in Sydney for the Australian Swimming Championships were entertained at the Pool, and were welcomed by Mr. W. W. Hill. They expressed delight over the excellence of the Pool, and one and all wished they had something even approaching it in their home cities.

A couple of seasons ago, Queensland's champion diver, George Johnson, entertained Pool regulars with an exhibition during a luncheon hour, and we were, therefore, more than pleased to note Johnson's splendid victory in the Springboard Championship of Australia. Since his first appearance in Sydney the new champion has improved out of sight, and deserved his victory over Olympian Ron. Masters, of Victoria.

(Continued on Page 20)

Tattersall's had a couple of representatives at the big carnivals, Bruce Hodgson being a N.S.W. swimmer in the Australian 220 yards championship, and Hans Robertson competing in handicaps. Hodgson swam a game race against the classiest furlong field ever seen in Sydney, but was unable to gain a place.

Hans landed a win in a 110 yards Brace Relay Handicap.

We were also very interested in the juniors, who were members of the Winter Coaching Classes in the Pool. Amongst the winners and place-getters in the junior championships there were a number of lads who had benefited by the generosity of Tattersall's Club Committee in placing the Pool at the disposal of the Swimming Association.

Dewar Cup.

A remarkable run of success by Alec Richards during the past month has placed him on top in the contest for the Dewar Cup. His race for the lead was assisted by the fact that Bruce Hodgson has been a non-starter during the past month.

The leaders so far are:—A. Richards, 21½; D. Lake, 18½; G. Goldie and J. Dexter, 16½; N. P. Murphy, 16; A. Pick, 15½; B. Hodgson, 15.

Results.

January 7th:—80-yard Brace Relay Handicap: D. Tarrant and J. Buckle (49) 1, A. Richards and N. P. Murphy (47) 2, A. S. Block and D. Lake (48) 3. Time, 48 secs.

January 14th:—60-yards Handicap: A. Richards (35) 1, V. Richards (33) 2, A. S. Block (40) 3. Time, 33 2/5 secs.

January 21st:—80-yards Handicap: 1st Heat: V. Richards (47) 1, A. Richards (49) 2, D. Lake (57) 3. Time, 45½ secs. 2nd Heat: S. McCure (50) 1, A. S. Block (59) 2, T. H. English (59) and D. Tarrant (54), tie, 3. Time, 48 secs. 3rd Heat: K. Hunter (50) 1, J. Dexter (53) 2, W. S. Edwards (52) 3. Time, 49 secs.

Result of the final will be published in the next issue of the magazine.

December-January Point Score: A. Richards 10½, D. Tarrant 6, J. Dexter 5½, N. P. Murphy 5, A. S. Block 5, J. Buckle 5, V. Richards 4, D. Lake 4. (The final of the 80 yards will complete the series.)

“Nerve”

(Continued from Page 17.)

derstand how a hard-riding man from the shires or any big low country may find himself at a loss how to get to hounds over the stones and bogs of Dartmoor and it is equally easy to understand how a native of the moors, who will gallop top pace in the heather regardless of holes and big stones, and who will ride along precipitous paths with a nonchalance which is perfectly appalling, will find himself nonplussed when he meets a fairly wide drain with the fence at the landing side. This is good enough to understand. What is not at all easy to understand is the case I put at first, that a man going hard in one country, and not going at all in one which in every respect of similar. An instance of this occurs to me. The gentleman in question, who apparently has an iron nerve, will in his own country stop at nothing. His own country, too, is a very big one, one of the stiffest I know, yet there is he always to be seen in the same field with hounds “always in front, and often alone.” He will ride anything, no matter how unhandy, and they all go well with him. I have hunted with him in his own and in other countries, and in the other countries he has been quite another man. In fact, though they were much easier countries to cross than his own, he has never been conspicuously in front. It cannot, in his case, be that “familiarity breeds contempt,” though that may be the case with the ordinary sportsman who goes well in a certain kind of country. What the reason is I will leave for my readers to guess at; it is beyond me, and I can only state that such is the fact.

A man of a very different type is one who goes well in all countries; a man

“To whom naught comes amiss, One horse or another, that country or this,

Through falls or bad starts who undauntedly still

Rides up to the motto, “Be with them I will.”

Such a man we all know, and perhaps the very best man I am acquainted with, take him all round

and in any and every country, claims that he is one of the most nervous men alive. He says that he sees every fence, and is always glad when he finds himself at the other side; though a fine horseman, he hates a fresh horse, and I have heard him “wonder what this brute is going to do next.” Yet he will get on to anything, and ride over any country, be it what it will, and right up in front all the way. Were he not the most unassuming man alive, I should put his claim of nervousness down to affectation; as it is, I implicitly believe him when he states that he is a nervous man. How, then, account for his being always amongst the choice few who cut out the work? I attribute this to his strength of will. That he is a fine horseman with seat, hands, and judgment goes without saying, and having these good qualities, he is determined to use them. “I don’t like jumping these big rough places,” says he to himself, “but I am going to jump them,” and he does. Once when in Ireland he asked a friend for a day’s hunting with the Ward. The friend had only one horse at liberty, and that horse not a very desirable mount. He could gallop and jump, it is true, but he was not always in the humour, and he had put many a good man “on the floor.” There being nothing else for it, he took the “uncertain” horse, and rode out of the town in anything but a comfortable frame of mind. “I don’t like this,” he said to a friend he met on the road: “the horse feels as if he were going to do something, and I don’t know how or when he will begin.” They arrived at the fixture all right, and the stag was enlarged. Now the gentleman in question had never ridden over Meath in his life, and he thought the sooner he got out of or into his difficulties the better. So immediately hounds were laid on he rattled his horse to the front, and in a field or two had got a good lead. The horse, who was a fine jumper and fast withal, never gave him any trouble, and he maintained the lead to the finish, which I should think is a record performance. And this is a man who complains that he is short of nerve. Surely there is nothing so curious about a man as his riding nerve?

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